

THE CHANUTE TIMES.

C. S. NATION, Editor and Prop'r.

CHANUTE, KANSAS.

KANSAS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

John Speer says that if he was forty years younger he would be in Klondike today.

The machinery for a big vitrified brick yard is being laid down in Cherryvale.

There is a Buzzard in the penitentiary recently sent from Waukauba county.

The onion crop of Meade county is threshing out three hundred bushels to the acre.

Parsons people have 100 men putting in the mains for the gas from the Neodesha oil fields.

The registration at Newton is 1399, being ninety more than a year ago. Newton is growing.

A vitrified brick plant at Cherryvale will be fired with natural gas. It will be the largest in the state.

A farmer living near Centralia has on exhibition a stock of corn on which are six well developed ears.

The Kansas Building Loan league will make a demand for a better state law governing associations.

The Kansas University foot-ball eleven won out over the Iowa eleven. Outside of Lawrence no one cares.

The Armours will use Kansas stone in their packing plant at Omaha, taking it from quarries near the town of Irving.

The eastern Kansas girl who put on men's clothes and tramped to Chicago is as good an advertisement for Kansas as the man who started a patent egg foundry.

For the first time since the Kansas fruits were first shipped to foreign markets the demand for them is satisfactory this year, at prices profitable to the exporters. The reason is that the fruits sent abroad last month were of the best quality, that they were more carefully packed than formerly, and that the provisions made for their transportation across the continent and across the Atlantic was of a more scientific character than it had been in other years.

Alfalfa is the coming foliage crop of the valley. Most tame grasses will not do well in this country, but alfalfa once started will stand the dry weather, is very productive, three crops of hay being harvested on an average every season, not counting the seed, which when threshed out brings a good price. Alfalfa is much more nourishing than prairie hay, and an alfalfa field is a perfect gold mine for a hog raiser. The one drawback of this country has been the lack of tame grasses and alfalfa supplies the long felt want.

Some time ago the body of a man, supposed to have been murdered, was found in straw stack near Arkansas City. As yet he has not been identified. The description of the body corresponds to that of Lyman Smith, who left the home of his brother, east of Mulvane to go to Oklahoma. Nothing had been heard of him since then, and his relatives there have instituted a search. An effort will be made to have the body of the murdered man exhumed. When he left there he had \$500 in money and a good team and wagon. The supposition is that he has been murdered for his money. He had not lived in Mulvane for several years, but had been visiting relatives there before he started on his last trip.

Secretary Coburn says that Mann Bros. & Frisbie of Wilder are the potato kings of Kansas. They shipped 257 cars, amounting in all to 125,000 bushels, this year. They go to every part of the country. This firm expects to plant 500 acres next year.

The Newton mills broke the record last month in the output of flour. Sixteen cars have been exported. The two mills are kept running all the time, the aggregate capacity being 525 barrels a day. The capacity of the new mill will be 400 barrels a day.

The entire national guard of the state of Kansas will hold their annual encampment at Fort Riley during the fall maneuvers next month.

Every time an old settler dies in Kansas his farm is divided among his children. The forward march of the forty-acre farm in Kansas has already begun.

Six years ago Senator Shippen shipped the first car load of potatoes sent out from Edwardsville, Wyandotte county. Now the annual shipments amount to more than forty cars.

Neodesha will issue \$30,000 in bonds and build city water works.

As is usual in Kansas the police made all kinds of threats about what they would do with the boys if the boys acted unruly on Halloween, and as usual the boys went ahead and acted unruly in spite of the police.

At the present time the wheat fields throughout the state of Kansas are looking fine and the ground is in good condition. The recent general rains came just in time to keep the ground moist all winter.

Kansas millers say that the quality of this year's wheat is far better than the average.

At Lyndon recently two prisoners escaped through a large hole which the workmen on the jail had left in the wall.

A Missouri school teacher eloped with a farmers wife in Reno county last week and took her three children along with him.

Two hundred and eighty-five men are now employed in the Santa Fe shops at Ottawa and the pay roll is \$5,000 per month.

A circular in reference to the signal system of the road has been issued by General Superintendent Mudge, of the Santa Fe. It states that after November 1st the maintenance and construction of all interlocking mechanical and electric signal and highway crossing bells will be under the control of the signal engineer, J. B. Hobson, at Topeka, and sets forth a code of rules to be followed by employees. The rules look to the maintenance of the system, and provide for the immediate notifications of trainmasters, division inspectors and signal engineer in case of failure or damage to any portion of the system.

Outing for November is full of good things, fresh from forest, field and stream. The frontispiece will touch a sympathetic chord in the memory of every sportsman; for who has not turned out of bed before old Sol peeped over the horizon and ready for the fray waited and waited for a delinquent brother until patience seemed well nigh exhausted. This scene is cleverly portrayed by Weston in a picture full of animation which will delight every lover of "A Day Over Dogs." Football, the horse and yachting are the other strong features. Every seasonable sport is treated in this excellent number of the best of sporting magazines.

The Arkansas City Traveler says: When John Irons came to Cowley county he walked from Cedarvale to what is now Silverdale township and carried a bushel of potatoes on his back in a sack. On the way, he was given some garden seeds by an old woman. Among them were some pumpkin seeds and when he located, he planted his seeds but all his pumpkin vines died except one. He raised four pumpkins on that one. Pumpkins were very scarce in Cowley county; also the seed. There were several who wanted pumpkin seeds and John, in order to have enough to go around with his neighbors, cut the pumpkin in quarters and gave each one a quarter. That is the way pumpkins got their start in this end of Cowley county.

The weather report issued by Chancellor F. H. Snow, of Kansas University, shows that the month of October just closed, was the warmest October on the thirty years' record, although the temperature of the first half of the first half of the month was surpassed in 1867, and that of the second half in 1894. The temperature was nearly seven degrees above the average. Only three Octobers have had a higher maximum temperature, and only three had a higher minimum. The highest temperature was 80 degrees on the 4th; the lowest temperature was 33.5 degrees on the 29th. The rainfall was greatly deficient, being 1.08 inches less than half the average amount. The run of wind was much below the average, only two Octobers having had less wind. The mean cloudiness and mean humidity were considerably lower than usual. The mean barometer was slightly below the average. The first white frost of the season occurred on the 23d, twenty-four days later than the average date.

Western Kansas has harvested a big crop of broom corn this season and the quality is good.

The Kansas farmers will revel in luxuries this winter—having everything at their command.

Owing to the jubilee over the big foot ball victory and the observance of Halloween falling on the same night, Lawrence was a scene of unprecedented disorder. A bonfire, rising to a height a little lower than the summit of Mt. Oread, lighted up the whole city. It was worse than a carnival.

The creamery routes in Barton county are used for a daily distribution of mail along the route of the milk haulers. Sixty different families are the recipients of this service. The postmaster makes up the mail for the different routes and the haulers deliver it as they leave the cans.

A lady evangelist at Jewell City was instrumental in the conversion of seventy-five people.

The diphtheria in the Centropolis vicinity is still raging and the schools were closed there.

At Independence, Taylor Riddle, chairman of the state live stock sanitary commission, has been consulting with the county attorney of Montgomery county preparatory to bringing suits against cattle men who have been bringing cattle into the state from the infected areas of the south in violation of the state quarantine regulations. The prosecution will be of a criminal character. Two men at Coffeyville were indicted for this offense at the recent sitting of the grand jury at Coffeyville.

La Harpe is going to sink a gas well at once.

Emporia merchants closed their stores to witness a ball game.

The board of regents of the state agricultural college have elected Harriet Howell as superintendent of sewing.

The big end of a wedding feast in Jewell county the other day was twenty roast turkeys. The entire township turned out.

A "converted Mohammedan" is picking up a good living in rural Kansas towns. Any old thing will work in Kansas this year.

Henry Willie, a German farmer living near Wamego, beat his wife, set fire to his house and barn and then shot himself dead.

The Kansas farmers who have hogs this year and can keep diseases away from them, will make a big profit by holding them until later in the winter. Hogs are going up every day and they will continue to go up for some time to come. The cholera and other diseases which was prevalent among them last summer, and which has not yet entirely abated, has thinned out the porkers to a great extent this winter. Hence, the present demand for fattening hogs can hardly be supplied at home this year and the price will naturally go up.

The State Superintendent of Public Instruction, acting for the school fund commissioners, has purchased school district bonds as follows: District 54, Franklin county, \$700, for the Stormont Library fund; District 78, Allen county, \$600, and District 53, Jackson county, \$1,000, for the school fund commission. The school fund commissioners have now about \$30,000 on hand for investment. Three months ago they had no money at all on hand, but several counties have lately paid up bonded indebtedness for which they were in arrears.

Who does not expand his lungs and take in as much as possible of the exhilarating leafy odor of the woods in November? The same odor pervades the pages of Outing this month, at least it seemed so to us after reading Ed W. Sandys on "A Day Over Dogs," L. L. Canova on "Turkey Hunting on the Wekiva," "Thanksgiving With the Steelheads," by M. B. Gibson; "His Majesty the Moose," by Parker Symes, M. D.; "Fox Hunting on the Eastern Shore of Maryland," by Hanson Hiss; "Round the Summer Horse Shows," by A. H. Godfrey.

The government after long experimenting with all cholera cures known and by the aid of scientific methods of the treatment of disease, has issued the following receipt and recommends it for the cure of cholera in hogs, where it is recommended highly: Wood charcoal, one pound; sulphur, one pound; salt (sodium chloride), two pounds; sodium sulphide, two pounds; sodium sulphate, one pound. Pulverize and mix. Administer at the rate of a tablespoonful once each day to every 200 pound hog; half tablespoonful for 100 pound hog; two tablespoonfuls for every 400 pound hog, etc.

Last week the six banks in Clay county concluded the publication of their statements. The total figures as compared with a year ago are interesting. The county deposits a year ago in September and October including the old Farmers and Merchants which was then doing business, were \$227,458.21. The deposits this year are \$326,390.93. The difference in favor of the year 1907, \$98,932.72. However, it would seem that there is something over \$20 in the banks for every man, woman and child in the county. Last year the banks had loaned out \$206,616.57; this year their loans and discounts amount to \$391,055.13.

Bill Funk and John Williams of Clark county had a fight over a young Indian squaw and Funks head was badly battered by a revolver.

The new woolen mill at Topeka has received thousands of dollars worth of machinery and is putting it in shape. It will give employment to fifty men and women.

The schools of Franklin county have been interfered with by diphtheria this fall to an unprecedented extent. Seven cases at Centropolis have closed the schools at that point.

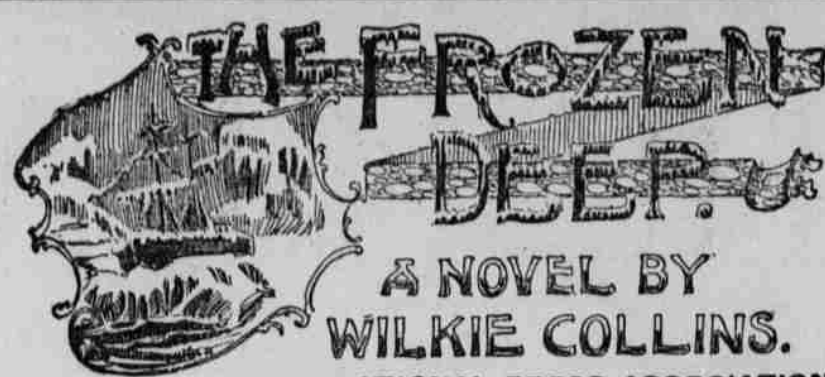
A prominent farmer near Wellington has a mean enemy who has burned his barn and is shooting his stock in his pastures.

Kansas has paid off in the last eight years the enormous sum of \$160,000,000 mortgage indebtedness and that in the face of panics, drouths and other reverses.

Coolidge cows averaged \$3 a head from the creamery during the September month. This is a good profit and is very encouraging to the Kansas farmers.

Miss Elmer Seymour of Abilene, is in New York posing as a model for artists. It seems that she was in financial distress when she went to Gotham, but in the eyes of the artist the less she had the more she was admired, and now they Seymour of her than Abilene ever did.

If you take the work of the Kansas papers you will discover that the highest price for wheat is paid in every town in the territory, that is, the price paid in all towns is higher than the price paid in all other towns.



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVI.

Once more the open sea—the sea whose waters break on the shores of Newfoundland! An English steamship lies at anchor in the offing. The vessel is plainly visible through the open doorway of a large boat-house on the shore, one of the buildings attached to a fishing station on the coast of the island.

The only person in the boat-house at this moment is a man in the dress of a sailor. He is seated on a chest with a piece of cord in his hand, looking out idly at the sea. On the rough carpenter's table near him lies a strange object to be left in such a place—a woman's veil.

What is the vessel lying at anchor in the offing? The vessel is the Amazon—dispatched from England to rescue the surviving officers and men of the Arctic expedition. The meeting has been successfully effected, on the shores of North America, three days since. But the homeward voyage has been delayed by a storm which has driven the ship out of her course. Taking advantage, on the third, day of the first returning calm, the commander of the Amazon has anchored off the coast of Newfoundland, and has sent ashore to increase his supplies of water before he sails for England. The weary passengers have landed for a few hours, to refresh themselves after the discomforts of the tempest. Among them are the two ladies. The veil left on the table in the boat-house is Clara's veil.

And who is the man sitting on the chest, with the cord in his hand, looking out idly at the sea? The man is the only cheerful person in the ship's company. In other words—John Want.

Still reposing on the chest, our friend who never grumbles, is surprised by the sudden appearance of a sailor at the boat-house door.

"Look sharp with your work there, John Want!" says the sailor; "Lieutenant Crayford is just coming to look after you."

With this warning the messenger disappears again. John Want rises with a groan—turns the chest up on one end—and begins to fasten the cord round it. The ship's cook is not a man to look back on his rescue with the feeling of unmitigated satisfaction which animates his companions in trouble. On the contrary, he is ungratefully disposed to regret the North Pole.

"If I had only known"—thus runs the train of thought in the mind of John Want—"if I had only known, before I was rescued, that I was to be brought to this place, I believe I should have preferred staying at the North Pole. I was very happy keeping up everybody's spirits at the North Pole. Taking one thing with another, I think I must have been very comfortable at the North Pole—if I had only known it. Another man in my place might be inclined to say that this Newfoundland boat-house was rather a sloppy, slimy, draughty, fishy sort of a habitation to take shelter in. Another man might object to perpetual Newfoundland codfish, and perpetual Newfoundland dogs. We had some very nice bears at the North Pole. Never mind! It's all one to me—I don't grumble."

"Have you done cording that box?" This time the voice is a voice of authority—the man at the doorway is Lieutenant Crayford himself. John Want answers his officer in his own cheerful way.

"I've done it as well as I can, sir—but the damp of this place is beginning to tell upon our very ropes. I say nothing about our lungs—I only say our ropes."

Crayford answers sharply. He seems to have lost his former relish for the humor of John Want.

"Pooh! To look at your wry face, one would think that our rescue from the Arctic regions was a downright misfortune. You deserve to be sent back again."

"I could be just as cheerful as ever, sir, if I was sent back again. I hope I'm thankful; but I don't like to hear the North Pole run down in such a fishy place as this. It was very dry and snowy at the North Pole—and it's very damp and sandy here. Do you never miss your bone-soup, sir? I do. It mightn't have been strong, but it was very hot; and the cold seemed to give it a kind of a meaty flavor as it went down. Was it you that was a-coughing so long, last night, sir? I don't presume to say anything against the air of these latitudes—but I should be glad to know it wasn't you that was a-coughing so hollow. Would you be so obliging as just to feel the state of these ropes with the ends of your fingers, sir? You can dry them afterward on the back of my jacket."

"You ought to have a stick laid on the back of your jacket. Take that box down to the boat directly. You're croaking vagabond! You would have grumbled in the Garden of Eden."

The philosopher of the Expedition was not a man to be silenced by referring him to the Garden of Eden. Paradise itself was not perfect to John Want.

"I hope I could be cheerful anywhere, sir," said the ship's cook. "But you mark my words—there must have been a deal of troublesome work

with the flower-beds in the Garden of Eden."

Having entered that unanswerable protest, John Want shouldered the box, and drifted drearily out of the boat-house.

Left by himself, Crayford looked at his watch, and called to a sailor outside.

"Where are the ladies?" he asked. "Mrs Crayford is coming this way, sir. She was just behind you when you came in."

"Is Miss Burnham with her?" "No, sir; Miss Burnham is down on the beach with the passengers. I heard the young lady asking after you, sir."

"Asking after me?" Crayford considered with himself, as he repeated the words. He added, in lower and graver tones, "You had better tell Miss Burnham you have seen me here."

The man made his salute and went out. Crayford took a turn in the boat-house. Rescued from death in the Arctic wastes, and reunited to a beautiful wife, the lieutenant looked, nevertheless, unaccountably anxious and depressed. What could he be thinking of? He was thinking of Clara.

On the first day when the rescued men were received on board the Amazon, Clara had embarrassed and distressed, not Crayford only, but the other officers of the Expedition as well, by the manner in which she questioned them on the subject of Francis Aldersley and Richard Wardour. She had shown no signs of dismay or despair when she heard that no news had been received of the two missing men. She had even smiled sadly to herself, when Crayford (out of compassionate regard for her) declared that he and his comrades had not given up the hope of seeing Frank and Wardour yet. It was only when the lieutenant had expressed himself in those terms—and when he had apparently succeeded in dismissing the painful subject—that Clara had startled every one present by announcing that she had something to say in relation to Richard and Frank, which had not been said yet. Though she spoke guardedly, her next words revealed suspicion of foul play lurking in her mind—exactly reflecting similar suspicions lurking in Crayford's mind—which so distressed the lieutenant, and so surprised his comrades, as to render them quite incapable of answering her. The warnings of the storm which shortly afterward broke over the vessel, were then visible in sea and sky. Crayford made them his excuse for abruptly leaving the cabin in which the conversation had taken place. His brother officers, profiting by his example, pleaded their duties on deck, and followed him out.

On the next day, and the next, the tempest still raged, and the passengers were not able to leave their state-rooms. But now, when the weather had moderated and the ship had anchored—now, when officers and passengers alike were on shore, with leisure time at their disposal—Clara had opportunities of returning to the subject of the lost men, which would make it impossible for Crayford to plead an excuse for not answering her. How was he to meet these questions? How could he still keep her in ignorance of the truth?

These were the reflections which now troubled Crayford, and which presented him, after his rescue, in the strangely inappropriate character of a depressed and anxious man. His brother officers, as he well knew, looked to him to take the chief responsibility. If he declined to accept it, he would instantly confirm the horrible suspicion in Clara's mind. The emergency must be met; but how to meet it—at once honorably and mercifully—was more than Crayford could tell. He was still lost in his own gloomy thoughts, when his wife entered the boat-house. Turning to look at her, he saw his own perturbations and anxieties plainly reflected in Mrs. Crayford's face.

"Have you seen anything of Clara?" he asked. "Is she still on the beach?" "She is following me to this place," Mrs. Crayford replied. "I have been speaking to her this morning. She is just as resolute as ever to insist on your telling her of the circumstances under which Frank is missing. As things are, you have no alternative but to answer her."

"Help me to answer her, Lucy. Tell me, before she comes in, how this horrible suspicion first took possession of her. All she could possibly have known when we left England was that the two men were appointed to separate ships. What could have led her to suspect that they had come together?" "She was firmly persuaded,

that they would come together when the Expedition left England. And she had read in books of Arctic travel, of men left behind by their comrades on the march, and of men adrift on icebergs. With her mind full of these images and forebodings, she saw Frank and Wardour (or dreamed of them) in one of her attacks of trance. I was by her side—I heard what she said at the time. She warned Frank that Wardour had discovered the truth. She called out to him, 'While you can

stand, keep with the other men, Frank!—'

"Good God!" cried Crayford: "I warn'd him myself, almost in those very words, the last time I saw him."

"Don't acknowledge it, William! Keep her in ignorance of what you have just told me; she will not take it for what it is—a startling coincidence, and nothing more. She will accept it as positive confirmation of the faith, the miserable superstitious faith which is in her. So long as you don't actually know that Frank is dead, and that he has used by Wardour's hand, deny what she says—mislead her for her own sake—dispute all her conclusions as I dispute them. Help me to raise her to the better and nobler belief in the mercy of God!" She stopped and looked round nervously at the doorway. "Hush!" she whispered; "do as I have told you. Clara is here."

CHAPTER XVII.

LARA stopped at the doorway, looking backward and forward distrustfully between the husband and wife. Entering the boat-house, and approaching Crayford, she took his arm and led him away a few steps from the place in which Mrs. Crayford was standing.

"There is no storm now, and there are no duties to be done on board the ship," she said, with a faint smile which it wrung Crayford's heart to see. "You are Lucy's husband, and you have an interest in me for Lucy's sake. Don't shrink on that account from giving me pain. I can bear pain. Friend and brother, will you believe that I have courage enough to hear the worst? Will you promise not to deceive me about Frank?"

The gentle resignation in her voice, the sad pleading in her look, shook Crayford's self-possession at the outset. He answered her in the worst possible manner—he answered her evasively.

"My dear Clara," he said, "what have I done that you should suspect me of deceiving you?"

She looked him searchingly in the face—then glanced with renewed distrust at Mrs. Crayford. There was a moment of silence. Before any of the three could speak again, they were interrupted by the appearance of one of Crayford's brother officers, followed by two sailors carrying a hamper between them. Crayford instantly dropped Clara's arm, and seized the welcome opportunity of speaking of other things.

"Any instructions from the ship, Stevenson?" he asked, approaching the officer.

"Verbal instructions only," Stevenson replied. "The ship will sail with the flood tide. We shall fire a gun to collect the people, and send another boat ashore. In the meantime here are some refreshments for the passengers. The vessel is in a state of confusion; the ladies will eat their lunch more comfortably here."

Hearing this, Mrs. Crayford took her opportunity of silencing Clara next.

"Come, my dear," she said, "let us lay the cloth and put the lunch on the table before the gentlemen come in."

Clara was too seriously bent on attaining the object which she had in view, to be silenced in that way. "I will help you directly," she answered—then crossed the room and addressed herself to the officer whose name was Stevenson.

"Can you spare a few minutes?" she asked. "I have something to say to you."

"I am entirely at your service, Miss Burnham."

Answering in those words, Stevenson dismissed the two sailors. Mrs. Crayford looked anxiously at her husband. Crayford whispered to her, "Don't be alarmed about Stevenson. I have cautioned him; I believe he is to be depended on."

Clara beckoned to Crayford to return to her.

"I will not keep you long," she said. "I will promise not to distress Mr. Stevenson. Young as I am, you shall both find that I am capable of self-control. I won't ask you to go back to the story of your past sufferings; I only want to be sure that I am right about one thing—I mean about what happened at the time when the exploring party was dispatched in search of help. As I understand it, you cast lots among yourselves who was to go with the party, and who was to remain behind. Frank cast the lot to go." She paused, shuddering. "And Richard Wardour," she went on, "cast the lot to remain behind. On your honor, as officers and gentlemen, is this the truth?"

"On my honor," Crayford answered, "it is the truth."

"On my honor," Stevenson repeated, "it is the truth."

She looked at them, carefully considering her next words before she spoke again.

"You both drew the lot to stay in the huts," she said, addressing Crayford and Stevenson, "and you are both here. Richard Wardour drew the lot to stay, and Richard Wardour is not here. How does his name come to be with Frank's on the list of the missing?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The needful thing is not that we abate, but that we consecrate, the interests and affections of our life, entertain them with a thoughtful heart, serve them with the will of duty, and reverse them as the benediction of God.—James Martineau.